

LESSON VIII.



the Bunch of Flowers.

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THE
POOR CHILD'S FRIEND;

OR,

FAMILIAR LESSONS

Adapted to the Capacities

OF

ALL RANKS of CHILDREN.

The SECOND EDITION.

*Better is a poor and a wise Child than an old
and foolish King, who will no more be ad-
monished.*

Eccles. chap. iv. ver. 13.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of this little Book wrote it, as the Title imports, for the Children of the Poor; for on perusing many Publications of this Kind, the Language of most of them seemed to him more properly adapted for the Mansion than the Cottage; his Aim therefore has been to render this as intelligible as he could. And at the same Time, thinking the Knowledge which most of them contain, as rather superfluous for the present Purpose, he has been little anxious about teaching them any other than the Knowledge of Good and Evil, so far as the one is to be pursued, and the other avoided. As he wishes his little Readers to peruse every Lesson, one after the other in Rotation,

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

he has not mentioned the Contents of each Lesson at the Beginning of it, lest they might be led to read any one out of its Place for the Sake of the Story it contained. And although the Author of this Book wrote it for the lower Ranks of Children, yet he hopes it will not be thought undeserving of a Place in the Nurseries of the Rich. And if, on Perusal, it should be found likely to answer the Author's Intentions, he humbly recommends it to the Charitable, as a pretty Present to encourage Virtue among the little Members of the Village School.

LESSON the FIRST.

WELL, my little dear, do you think you can read this pretty little book? Try, I dare say you can; but you must take care to spell one word well before you try another. If you do but read well, your master will praise you—your father and mother will love you—and, if you have any brothers and sisters, let them see what a good scholar you are, and tell them what a nice thing it is to be able to read. Yes, my dear, when little children can read they should have little books given them, and they will find pretty little stories in them about good boys and girls, who

loved their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, their school-masters and school-mistresses, and who also loved their books, and read in them often, and did not always play about in the dirt and spoil their cloaths, as bad boys and girls do. But this is enough for one lesson. I won't tire you.

LESSON the SECOND.

SO you are come to read again, that is a good little child, go on nicely now, and mind what you are about; don't look at other things when you should mind your book, you will never read if you do, and then every body will call you a dunce; and what a shame
that

that will be. But I dare say you mean to take pains and will be a good boy, that every body may love you, and then you cannot think how happy you will be; and when you say your lesson well you will be let go to play, but naughty dunces must be kept in the school, when good children go to play about, and nobody will like them; and then you know they cannot be happy. But you must mind when you go to play, that you do no mischief; and never hurt any other little boys and girls, for I dare say you would not like that they should beat or hurt you; and never throw any thing at the poor little cocks and hens, and ducks, or any other animals, lest you hurt them too, they

they cannot help themselves; but you can tell your father and mother if any body hurts you, for you can speak, you know. It is very cruel to hurt any poor dumb creature, for even the smallest fly can feel as much as you do, and nobody will like you if you are cruel. Now you have got through two lessons; you are very clever, but do not read till you tire yourself.

LESSON the THIRD.

WELL, you are not tired of your little book I find, but are come to your third lesson; now that is doing as you should do, like a little man. I hope you remember what I told you, to spell one word

word well before you attempt to spell another, or you cannot tell what you are reading about. What does your master say of you? Does not your little sister wish she could read as well as you? I hope she does; and does not your father and mother say you are a good boy? It is a nice thing to be a good boy, it makes every body so fond of you, and so pleased to see you; but little bad boys, you know, are liked by nobody, and they often get beat for being naughty, and then they cry and whine in a corner, when little good boys are playing nicely about. Now, my little dear, if you will but read these lessons well, I will tell you some pretty little stories about some little boys and girls, who,

who, because they were good, got little presents given them. But then I shall tell you about some bad boys and girls who were whipped, and were not allowed to go out of doors, because they were naughty, and would not do as they were bid. Good children always do as they are bid, and so will you, I hope. But I am afraid you are tired, so we will finish this lesson.

LESSON the FOURTH.

NOW, my little dear, you know you must not always play about, but sometimes read in your book, so we will begin another lesson; they are very easy, I dare say you find them so, and so will your little

little brother when he is old enough; but you know he cannot speak yet; in a little time he will speak like you and your sister, and some time after he will learn his A B C, and then when he has learned to spell, he will learn to read this little book. Now what a nice thing it would be if you could help him to spell and read. Whenever you walk out with your brother and sister, or any other little children, you must take care of them, and never hurt them; but behave kindly to them, and they will love you, and play with you; and if you should chance to hit one of them and make him cry, go and give him a kiss, and shew him how sorry you are; and if any body asks you who hurt the little boy,

boy, tell them that you did it, but that you could not help it, and that you are sorry for what you have done; for you must never tell a lie; good boys never tell lies, but always speak the truth: Bad boys sometimes tell lies, but then they are found out at some time or other, and are whipped for it; and when a boy once tells lies nobody will believe any thing he says ever after. But we must conclude this lesson.

LESSON the FIFTH.

HERE comes the little scholar to his lesson again. I told you, my dear, in our last lesson, what a bad thing it was to tell lies, so I will now tell you a story of a
bad

bad boy who stole a little pye, and then said he did not.

A little boy went one day into the kitchen, and, when he thought no body saw him, took a pye off the table and eat it. His father soon missed the pye, and asked the little boy if he had seen it: No indeed, said he, I did not; but the cook, who saw him take the pye, told his father, and his father was so angry with him for taking the pye, and then saying he had not seen it, that he whipped him for it very much. Another time he stole a cheesecake, and denied having seen that also, for which he was well whipped again. Soon after a little dog came into the house and ran away with a piece of meat, the little boy was

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again

again supposed to have taken it; but he said he was sure he did not, yet his father thought, as he had told two lies before, he was telling one then, so he whipped him another time. Now you see, my little dear, this little bad boy was whipped twice for telling lies, and another time he was whipped because the piece of meat was gone, and his father would not believe what he said. This was what this little boy got for being so naughty; and indeed he was a very bad boy, for he not only stole the pye and cheesecake, which was a very bad thing, and you know good children never steal, but he also told lies, which was another bad thing; if he had only stole the things he would not have been whipped so hard,

hard, and he would only have been whipped two times, but because he told lies he was whipped three times very much; and you see he was whipped once when he had done no wrong, because his father did not know how to believe him: So I hope, my dear, you will never do such bad things as to steal or tell lies.

LESSON the SIXTH.

IN our last lesson, you see, my dear, I told you a little story of a bad boy who was not content with doing one bad thing, but he did two bad things, for he run away with things that he should not have touched, and then told lies about them; he

thought he was not seen, but you know the cook-maid saw him, and told his father of him, and because the cook never told lies, his father believed her; and when the little boy told his father, he was sure he had not taken the piece of meat, but the little dog had, his father would not believe him, because he had told two lies already. Now, my little dear, I have told one of the little stories which I promised you in our third lesson, and you must know I always keep my promise, and I hope you will too, because if you do not, then you tell a lie and deceive people, and when they find you do not keep your promise, they will not trust you with any thing. Now for another

other story: There was once a little boy had got a nice little book, and a little girl had got a sparrow; the boy promised her he would give her the little book for it, that is, if she would give him the little sparrow, he would give her the little book. The little girl, who loved reading, gave him the sparrow; but when the boy had got it, he kept both, and would not give her the book as he had promised to do, which you see was a very naughty bad trick; however the poor little girl began to cry, and the school-master who heard her, asked, what made her cry so, and as soon as she had told him, he sent for the little boy and took the book from him, and then gave it to the little

girl, and then he whipped the little boy for being bad. The boy had put his sparrow into a cage, and when the master sent for him he set the cage upon the ground and ran to the school, but when he returned he found a cat had got his little bird and was eating it up. Now if this little boy had given the book at first as he promised, he would not have been whipped, and would have had time to have put the cage where the cat could not have got at it.

LESSON the SEVENTH.

NOW I hope you find out how bad a thing it is not to speak the truth, and not to keep your promise.

promise. The little boy you read about in your last lesson, got whipped and lost his little sparrow, because he would not keep his promise. I will now tell you a story of two other little boys, one a good boy and the other a bad one. Tom and George were two boys at the same school, and could read very well; one day the master told them they might go to play, but that when they came to school again the next morning, they must repeat some lines which he set them to get off by heart. They both promised they would. The next day, however, they went to school, and Tom could not say his lesson at all; for indeed he had never looked at it, but George said his without missing one

one word. The master then told Tom he was a very bad boy, not only because he could not say his lesson, but because he had broke his promise; as to your lesson, said he, I shall keep you in school when the other boys go to play, which will be a punishment for that; but as you have broken your promise, I shall whip you now, and he made Tom cry very much, I assure you. Then calling little George to him, he gave him a pretty little book, and told him he was a good boy for doing as he was bid and keeping his promise. Thus you see, my dear, Tom was punished for being a bad boy, whilst George was rewarded for being a good one, and you will find how much better it is to be a
good

good boy, as it is so easy, for had Tom kept his promise and said his lesson as little George did, every body would have liked him, he would not have been whipped, and he might have had a nice book to read in.

LESSON the EIGHTH.

NOW we have got a good way in our little book, and if you go on well, you will soon read it thro', and then you can tell your play-fellows what pretty stories you read, and also how pleasant a thing it is to be a good boy, and how sad it is to be a bad one. Now don't you think you should like little George? I dare say you would, for
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he said his lesson so well, and his father and mother were very fond of him, and so was every body, and often he got a bit of cake or ginger-bread given him for being good ; the little boys and girls liked to play with him, for he never hurt any body, and he would often let them read in his book ; and when he had any ginger-bread he often gave half of it away, and if any other little boys or girls were hurt by any bigger than themselves, he would always take their part. One day, as he held open a gate for a gentleman on horseback, he had an halfpenny given him which he intended to buy some marbles with ; but as he walked along a poor lame man came up to him, and asked him for some money

money to buy his poor little Sally some bread with. George told him he had but a halfpenny, but he was welcome to that, and immediately he put it into the poor man's hat and went away. As he walked home he met the same gentleman for whom he had opened the gate, and who had seen him give the poor man the money; here little boy, said the gentleman, since you are so good to that poor man, I will give you a penny, and I will give something to the poor man myself. George then went home and bought a penny-worth of marbles, and gave many of them to his brothers and sisters, for he loved them very much.

Another time, as George was walking in the road, he was followed

ed by a great dog that barked very much, and being frightened he run to a man he saw not far off, to beg he would defend him, upon which the man threw his stick at the dog and drove him away. As soon as little George had recovered from his fright, he looked at the man, and saw that it was the same poor man he had met once before; he then thanked the poor man for having beat away the dog, and told him how sorry he was that he had nothing to give him for his poor little Sally. I hope she is well, said George. Yes, my dear, said the poor man, and if you will go along with me you shall see her. The poor man then led him to their hut, which was but a small one; as soon

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as they came to the door the poor man told his little girl that that was the good kind little boy who had given him the halfpenny two days before. The little girl then put her arms round George's neck and kissed him, and gave him a nice bunch of field flowers, for that was all she had to give him. He now wished he had not bought the marbles, that he might have given her the money; however he promised that if he could get another penny he would come again to see her. She then kissed him again; the poor man thanked him for his kind intentions, and he, after wishing them farewell, took the flowers home to his mother.

LESSON the NINTH.

I Am sure in the last lesson you read, I told you a long story, but I hope you liked it, and will often think of good little George. You see how kind he was to every one, and how pretty it was of him to give his money to the poor, and his marbles to his brothers and sisters ; and what a pretty bunch of daisies, violets, daffodils, and primroses little Sally gave him for his kindness to her and her father. And you know I told you that little George carried the flowers home to his mother, and she put them into a cup of water, and they lived a long time, and the little boy never looked at the flowers but they put
him

him in mind of little Sally. Now you remember I told you what a bad boy Tom was, and could not say his lesson; yet Tom was not always a bad boy, for he once got some apples given him for driving the pigs out of a gentleman's garden; but when he had got the apples he put them into his pocket that no body might see them, and as he went home he saw some of his brothers and sisters running races in a field; he went to play with them, but he would not give them a bit of any of his apples, nor would he eat the apples himself at that time, lest they should ask him for any. However, he pulled off his coat and laid it on the ground that he might run bet-

ter, and whilst he was running, one of the pigs came up to his coat and smelling the apples, rooted them out of his pocket and eat them all up; when Tom had put on his coat again he went into a wood by himself to eat his apples, and when he put his hand into his pocket and found all the apples were gone, he sat down and fell a crying. Just at that time little George came into the wood where Tom was, and seeing him cry, asked him what was the matter. Tom told him that a bee had stung him, for he was ashamed to tell him about the apples, and then little George, to make him quiet, gave him a bit of gingerbread which he had in his pocket; but if little
George

George had known that Tom was telling a lie, he would not have given him any thing, I dare say. Now, my little dear, if Tom had been a good-natured boy, as George was, he would have given some of his apples to his brothers and sisters, and have eat some himself, and not kept them till the pig got them all, and I am sure he would have got little George's bit of gingerbread also, for he had kept it on purpose for him.

LESSON the TENTH.

MY last story about Tom and the pig, was shorter than the other about little George and the poor man, yet I dare say you

did not like it so well. Had you known little George, I am sure you would have liked to have played with him, for every little boy and girl did that knew him. But they did not like to play with Tom, for you know he was a bad boy, and he would sometimes take their playthings away, and sometimes he would beat them, and then he would not give them any marbles or other things when he had them. One day a little boy had picked up a marble, and as soon as Tom saw it, he took it from him, which made the poor little boy cry very sadly; but little George, when he heard what Tom had done, went and gave the little boy two of his, and took care that Tom should not take them away also.

also. Now it happened that a man was going on the road where these little children were playing, and as he saw what Tom and George had done, he went and told the school-master of them ; and just after the master sent for all the children to come to school ; and when they were come, he told Tom he was sorry to find him so bad a boy ; and then he desired Tom to give him all the marbles he had, and when he had done it, the school-master gave them to the rest of the children ; but there was one little boy who had not said his lesson that morning, so he did not give him any. After that, the school-master told all the children not to behave like that naughty boy Tom ; but
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he hoped they would all love little George; and then he gave George a little ball, because he was so good. And they all went to play with it but Tom, for the master would not allow him to play. And I should suppose the children were very happy together; for you know a ball is a nice plaything. When two boys stand at a distance from one another, they can toss the ball backward and forward from one to the other, and catch it so nicely. But poor Tom was not happy, for he was not allowed to play amongst them.

LESSON

LESSON the ELEVENTH.

BY this time, my little dear, I hope you are fond of reading, and will be very sorry when you have finished your little book and all your pretty stories; but we have not finished it yet; you must read on, and, if you do but read, you shall have some more stories. There was a little girl had a book given her, because she was very good, and she was so fond of it that she soon read it thro', and then she got another, and when she had read both of them, she got a third; so if you will but read this book, you may ask your father or mother for another book, and I dare say you will get it; but whenever you get any

any little books, you must take great care of them, and not toss them about and dirty them, or tear them to pieces; for little books, you know, do not grow upon the hedges, but are bought at a shop, and cost as much money as would purchase you two or three suppers. There was another little girl that was very good; so her father asked her whether she chose a little book or a piece of gingerbread, as he would give her one of them, and she chose the gingerbread; in a little time she had eat all the gingerbread up. Now if this little girl had chosen the book, she might have read in it a number of times, and have had the book yet. But she was a foolish little girl, and eat so
much

much of the gingerbread that it made her quite sick ; and when her mother saw how ill she looked, she sent for the doctor, and he ordered her some physic to take ; and I dare say it was very nasty, for the little girl made wry faces when she took it. But this little book, my dear, will make nobody sick, for it is not made to eat but to read in ; and I wrote it to teach you how to be a good little child ; so I hope you will mind what the book says.

I have told you what a bad thing it is to tell lies, to steal, or to break your promise ; and I told you of some little boys who were whipped for doing such naughty tricks. Now the best way to avoid doing such bad tricks, is not to keep
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company with any bad boys who do them. Little Harry was a good boy, and said his lesson very well, and his father and mother were very fond of him, and many other little boys used to like to play with him. But there was a bad boy, named Charles, who used to steal and tell lies, for which he was often punished, tho' not often enough. Little Harry became acquainted with him, and Charles, who was an idle boy, soon made little Harry as idle as himself; so that now poor Harry, who used to say his lesson very well, could hardly say it at all. One day Charles told Harry, if he would go with him, he should get some nice gooseberries, where they might take as many as they chose;
and

and little Harry, who loved fruit, thinking no harm, went along with him. They soon came to a garden, where they were forced to get over a hedge to get into it; but in getting over, little Harry tore his coat lap; and as he pulled the gooseberries off the bushes, he run a thorn into his finger, which hurt him very much, so that he began to cry; Charles then told him not to cry or they should be found out. Little Harry now began to think that he was doing wrong, therefore he strove to run away, but his foot slipped, and he fell down and hurt his chin; and the man to whom the garden belonged, having seen them stealing the fruit, got up to Harry, and taking him by the arm

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beat him very much with a stick, and sent him crying home.

• LESSON the TWELFTH.

THE story you read in the last lesson about Charles and Harry, I hope will shew you that one bad boy will make another bad boy; and that if you play with bad boys you will become bad yourself. For if good little Harry had not played with bad little Charles, he would have said his lesson, and not have been whipped for idleness; he would not have torn his coat—pricked his finger—hurt his chin—or got beat with a stick—and his father and mother would have loved him as much as ever; but as he be-

became a naughty boy they did not like him; nor would the school-master let the other children play with him, lest they became bad also. Now poor Harry was unhappy, for he found nobody loved him; and when the other children had little presents given them for being good, he got none. This made the little boy begin to think he had been very bad, and that it was high time that he should give over his naughty tricks, and, indeed, I sincerely wish he had, but he still kept company with Charles; and one day, when Harry's mother had sent him to go to school, Charles came up to him, and asked him to go and slide upon the ice, but Harry told him that his mother would be angry if he did;

no she will not, said Charles, for she will suppose you are gone to school, and you know nobody will see us : after having said this, he prevailed upon Harry to go along with him ; and as they were sliding along, the ice broke and poor little Harry tumbled in ; Charles, who saw him fall, called for help, but it was too late ; for when Harry was taken out of the pond he was quite dead.

Thus you see, my dear, if poor Harry had given over his naughty tricks at the time he thought of doing so, and never more had played with Charles, he would have gone to school when his mother bid him, and not have fallen into the water and got drowned. This was a sad thing, my dear, and Charles thought
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so, when he was told that poor little Harry would never speak again, or be able to play any more ; and this had such an effect upon Charles, for indeed he was very sorry, that he strove ever after that to be a good boy—he said his lesson very well—he never told any more lies—nor did he ever rob another garden ; so that in time he was loved by every one, and became very happy ; he would no longer play with Tom, who had been his former companion, but he played with little George, and they loved one another very much ; he now got gingerbread and other things given him because he was a good child, and was never whipped any more. Now, my little dear, if you have ever done any bad

tricks, you must leave them off as little Charles did, and you will be a good and happy boy.

LESSON the THIRTEENTH.

AM not I very kind to tell you all these little stories? I hope you think so; but you know I promised I would; and as I told you before, I always keep my promise, or I should be very naughty. You must take care, my dear, always before you make a promise, to think whether or no you can perform it. Now supposing your father or mother was to desire you to promise to hold your tongue till you had eat your dinner, you might promise you would, because you know you
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can do so ; but if you was desired to promise you would jump over the moon, you then would be very wrong to promise, as you know it is impossible to be done ; or if you was desired to promise to read this book through, then you should say you would if you could, because the book might get lost, or you might be ill, or something might hinder you from doing it. However, my little dear, you must be sure always to keep your promise whenever you make one. And you must remember never to tell a lie, for he who does, will often tell many more to hide it ; and you know you deserve to be whipped for every lie you tell. You must remember also to love every body that

that is good, and then, my dear, so long as you are good yourself, they will love you; and if you have any little dogs or cats, or cocks or hens, or other animals, you must love them, and feed them, and never hurt them; for you remember I told you, in your second lesson, that it was very cruel to hurt any poor dumb creature, for they can feel as well as you.

I am sure little George never would hurt any poor dumb animal; for he once had a little puppy given him, and as it was very young, he used to feed it with milk whenever he could get any; sometimes he gave it half his breakfast, or a part of his supper, and if he had any bones at dinner he saved them all for his little dog.

dog. The dog now grew up, and little George called it Tray, and Tray followed his master every where; now and then Tray would follow the shepherd and drive the sheep into the fold; at other times he would fetch up the cows for the dairy maid, so that Tray became a very useful dog; and as he never bit any body without they hurt him first, he was a favourite among the whole family; George often stroked and patted him, and Tray would return his kindness by licking his little hand with his tongue. One day when little George went out a walking, attended by his faithful companion, he came to a river, and as he was going over a wooden bridge, placed across it, his foot slipped

slipped and he tumbled in, and as soon as Tray saw his master struggling in the water, he jumped in after him, and, seizing him by the coat, dragged him to the shore, and saved his life. George now grew fonder of Tray than ever, and seemed to take more pleasure in feeding his dog than himself; but this did not last long, for Tray caught the distemper and died, and little George seldom hears the name of his dog Tray mentioned but he falls a crying.

LESSON the FOURTEENTH.

I Gave you the history of George and his dog Tray in your last lesson, not only to shew you how good little George was, in behaving

so.

so kindly to his dog, but also to shew you how grateful the dog was to him for all his kindness; for you know that Tray saved him from being drowned. And now, my little dear, I would have you always remember that one good turn deserves another. That if any body is kind and good to you, you must, in return, be kind and good to them. If any body should give you an apple, you must give them another whenever you have any. You remember the nice bunch of flowers little Sally gave to George, for all his kindness to her; and I dare say she would have given him something of more value if she had had it. One winter when there was a great deal of snow upon the ground,
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and it froze very hard, a poor little Robin Redbreast came hopping into the hut where Sally and her father lived. At first the bird flew into the window, then upon the floor, then into the window again, and seemed afraid of every thing that stirred; but at last, seeing some bread crumbs, which little Sally had kindly scattered upon the floor for him, he hopped down and picked them all up, for he was very hungry. In a little time poor Robin grew very tame, and would sit upon the table where Sally was getting her breakfast or supper, for she always took care to give him a part of them; and at last he would sit upon her finger, and allow her to stroke him with her little hand, for

for she was very careful never to hurt him; and sometimes little Robin would wash himself in a saucer of water which she had set in the window for him to drink in. Thus did little Sally and poor Robin live together all the cold winter long, loving each other very much; and when the spring returned, and it was fine weather, the little bird flew away into the wood; and the little girl, though she knew he would get more food, and be happier out of doors, could not part with him without dropping a tear. However little Robin did not forget her kindness; for when she went to gather little flowers and other sweet-smelling plants in the wood, he used to come and sing to

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her;

her; and as he sat upon a bough, you might have seen his little throat shake again with his whistling. Little Sally always knew him by a white feather in one of his wings; and he was known to most people by the name of *Little Sally's Robin Redbreast*. Now as the spring advanced, and the trees began to come out into leaf, Robin thought he would get a little partner to help him to make a nest, and he soon found one, and was very fond of her; then they set about making their little nest, and both of them flew about the wood in search of some green moss, wool, straws, and dry bits of sticks, or dead leaves to make it of; and when they had built it, they lined the inside with horse

harfe hair to make it soft and warm. The little Hen Robin then laid some very pretty cream-coloured eggs, spotted over with little red spots. She sat upon these a long time, and little Cock Robin whistled to her most of the day through. After some time she hatched all her eggs, and there was a pretty nest full of young ones, I can assure you. Little Sally had found out this nest, for it was in a hedge not far from the hut; but she would hardly ever go near it, lest she should disturb them; yet she now and then took a peep to see that they were all safe. Indeed they were much obliged to her, for she one day saved all their lives, as there was a very naughty boy going to have taken the nest, and

all ; but she told her father, and he was very angry at the boy, and would not let him come near the place, and said, if he offered to take the nest again, he would beat him. Thus were the little birds safely guarded ; and soon after this they all left their nest ; so they now fly about ; and, taught by their father, Cock Robin, sing songs of thanks to the good kind little girl.

LESSON the FIFTEENTH.

NOW, after having read the story I last gave you, I hope you will never be so bad a boy as to rob any poor bird of its nest, eggs, or young ones. You know, my dear, if you was to try ever so long

long you could not make a nest, they are made so nicely and cleverly. And consider what a great deal of pains the poor little creatures take to make one; here they fly for a straw, there they fly for a piece of moss, and then they fetch dead leaves, wool, horse hair, feathers, or other such soft things; and after a time, by labouring hard, they form a complete nest; but then to be robbed of this, after they have done, is very hard. Now suppose, my little dear, you was to get some clay, and some bits of wood, and some little stones, and then you was to make a little play-thing house, and put some bits of glass into it for windows, and a bit of slate for a door, and then get some

small gravel, and make a little road to your house; then you might pick up, out of the wood, some bits of sticks with moss on them; and these, if stuck in here and there, near your new-made house, would make little trees; the whole, when you had finished it, would be so pretty a play-thing, that I am sure you would be delighted with it; but then, my dear, suppose a great man was to come, and after you had taken so much trouble to make this nice thing, he was to take it up and carry it away, and then pull it in pieces, would you like this? No, I am sure you would not, but you would immediately fall a crying, and be very sorrowful. Now, if this is the case, you should never
do

do to the poor birds what you would not like to have done to yourself; for I dare say the little birds, after they have made a nice nest, are as much delighted with it as you would be with your little clay-house; and they would be as sorry when their nest was taken from them, as you could be when you lost your house. Or when, my dear, the poor little creatures have laid any eggs, or hatched any young ones, it is very cruel to take them. Suppose now, you and your little brother and sister were to be taken away from your father and mother, who love you very much, do not you think they would be distressed and sorrowful, when they found you were gone for ever, never to return? I dare say

say they would, and so will the poor birds, I can assure you, when they go back to the hedge and find all their pretty little young ones are taken away by some naughty boy or other; and besides, when you take any young birds they generally die. Now if you let them all fly, as little Sally did, they will sing so nicely up in the trees you cannot imagine. There is, my dear, a little bird called a Wren, or, perhaps, you call it Jenny Wren; this bird makes a round nest, rather bigger than a large ball with a little hole on one side to go in and out at; and she has sometimes fifteen young ones at a time, which is three times as many as little Robin Redbreast has. This little bird,
 though

though almost in the dark, takes care to feed every one of her young ones, never missing to give any one his breakfast, dinner, or supper. Now how cruel it would be to take them away from their parents, when they take so much care of them. I hope these lessons are not too long for you now?

LESSON the SIXTEENTH.

ON L Y think, my little dear, we have got to our sixteenth lesson; how clever that is now; are you not delighted with the thoughts of it? I am sure I should, if I was no more than your age; but I am older and wiser, or I could not have written this little book. I hope
you

you understand it very well, and can remember the little stories you have read : But when you have read this little book through, you will perhaps want another to read ; if so, I think I can tell you of a little book, full of pretty pictures, which I read over the other day ; it is called *the Village School*, and it contains an account of Mrs. Bell's school, and all her little scholars. There are many pretty stories in it ; I dare say you would like them. There is a story of a good little boy who found a poor little lamb that had got its leg broke, and he was so kind to it, that although he found it very heavy, he took it up in his arms and carried it to Mrs. Peatloves, to whom it belonged ; for

as the poor creature lay in the high road, and could not walk, he was afraid it would get hurt or killed. Now this little boy was going to school when he found the lamb; and tho' he was later in the school than he should have been, yet, on account of his being so good to the poor lamb, the school-mistress was not angry with him. But you know that little children must always go directly to school when they are bid, or they will be punished for it. Now you see, by the story which I gave you a short account of, (for the story itself is much longer) that the little boy escaped punishment for neglecting school, because he did it that he might take care of the poor little animal, who was in
great

great pain, and could not defend itself. I would have you, my little dear, to learn from this story, to be good-natured and kind to every living creature, and never, upon any account, to hurt any thing whatever; you know I told you how good little George was to his dog Tray. One day there was a naughty boy wanted to set Tray and another dog a fighting, but little George, who was there, would not let him, for he was afraid that either of them should get hurt, for he would not have any dog hurt any more than his poor dog Tray: For George was a good boy, and knew it was very cruel to set any poor animals to fight against one another; and whenever he saw two
 cocks

cocks fighting he used to go and part them, and drive them away. In some places, my dear, it is a custom to fight cocks once every year; but those who do it ought to know better, for it is very cruel, and I hope the custom will be laid aside very soon; I hope you will not be so naughty, however. Do you think you should like now, that some large tall man should come and take you and any other little boy, then carry you into a field, or a pit, and make you fight, whether you would or no, just like two poor cocks?

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LESSON the SEVENTEENTH.

WELL, now you find we get on farther and farther in our little book, and the beginning of every new lesson brings us nearer to the end of it. I think I have told you a good deal already ; but as I hope you are not tired, I must go on and tell some more good things ; amongst the rest, let your old friend give you a piece of advice ; which is, that you never go too near the fire, nor play with any lighted sticks, or bits of paper, for if you do, you will be setting the house or yourself on fire, and you would not like to be burnt, would you ? I have known many little boys and girls that were burnt, because

because they would play with fire, and there was nobody near to help them. There was one little girl who had got some bits of chips and some straw, so she thought she would make a nice fire to warm herself by, and to boil a little kettle on; but while she was sitting near it, her apron took fire, and before any body came to her assistance she was terribly burnt. At another time, there were three children left in a cottage by themselves, for their father and mother were gone to the harvest field; these little children were playing about the fire, when the eldest of them took a bit of stick out of the fire, and carried it into a corner where there was some straw laid; he then set the straw on

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fire,

fire, and the other children seeing him do so, did the same; the straw soon got into a great blaze and set fire to the other parts of the house; the children now were frightened, but it was almost too late, for one of them was burnt to death, and the other two got out just before the cottage fell down, though they were very much hurt by the fire. And once there were two little girls left alone, and one of them found a bit of candle which she lighted and stuck upon the table, near the window, that they might play with it, and pretended to be reading by it, although it was day-time; they however heard a noise in the street, so they immediately ran out, and seeing a man going along with a monkey on

on his shoulder, they followed him for some way; the candle which they left burning, soon burnt to the bottom, set fire to the book, and that set fire to the window-curtain, so that when they got back, they found the cottage was burnt down to the ground, and every thing that was in it. About a year ago a young girl had got a book to read, and she one night took it to bed with her, and set the candle on the bed to see to read by; she had not been in bed long before she fell asleep, and kicking the candle down, it set fire to the bed-cloaths, and she was burnt to death before any one could get to her assistance. You see, my dear, by these stories I have just now told

you, how bad a thing it is to play with fire, for if you do, you may either get burnt yourself, or else burn the house you live in, and every thing belonging to you, and by that means be entirely ruined, and then starved for want: So I hope you will always be very careful, and not, by playing with fire, burn either your parents, your cottage, or yourself. And now, my little dear, I would wish you to get by heart the two following lines, so that you may repeat them without looking at the book, and then shew your father and mother how clever you are by repeating these to them.

*Don't play with fire lest you should be
Burnt to death most painfully.*

LES.

LESSON the EIGHTEENTH.

I Suppose, now, you are come to read another lesson, in hopes of some more stories ; if you are, my dear, read on nicely and I will not disappoint you. But now, don't you sometimes walk in the woods, fields, and meadows, and pick up little flowers, and other pretty things ? I dare say you do ; and don't you sometimes nettle your hands with the stinging nettles, or prick your fingers as you gather the wild roses ? because, if you do, I should suppose you are careful how you touch them again, for fear of being hurt ; at least, my dear, this should teach you to be careful how you meddle with things. But
let

let me advise you to be very careful not to eat every pretty looking berry you find, for many of them will hurt you very much, and make you ill, and some will kill you. There were once two little boys walking through a wood, and when they came into the middle of it, they found a plant growing that had some round berries upon it, about the size of a large marble, such as you sometimes play with; some of them were red, but those which were ripe were quite black and shining. The little boy who got to it the first, thinking the berries looked very nice, picked off four or five, and eat them up, and his brother, who soon came up to him, got but two, as there were no
more

more left. They soon found themselves ill, so they immediately ran home, and when they had got to the cottage they were very ill indeed, and became very giddy, just as you do when you turn round for a long time together. Their mother, who saw them, was very much frightened, and asked them if they had eaten any thing lately. The boy who had eat but two berries, told her what they had done, for his brother was so ill that he could not speak; and then she made them drink a quantity of melted butter and milk, for she had no oil in the house; this they took in great quantity, and it made them so sick as to throw up all the berries: However one of them had eat so

many

many berries that he died at last; but the other, by taking a sufficient quantity of milk and butter, got well again after a time. Warm water and oil will do when mixed well together, if no milk can be got. Many other children have been killed, or very much hurt, by eating berries they found in the hedges and woods; so I hope, my dear, you will take care of yourself, lest you do the same and get killed. This was a sad accident, my dear; and though you, perhaps, do not often hear of such things, yet I do, I can assure you, for I read a great deal. I believe the berries, the children I told you of got, were off a plant called the *Deadly Nightshade*. Sometimes I have known people
who

who were killed by eating the roots of plants, because they mistook them for others; you know the root is that part which grows underground, as a turnip or carrot.

LESSON the NINETEENTH.

IN our two last lessons I gave you advice, which I hope you will mind, lest you get burnt or poisoned. Yes, my dear, fire is a very dangerous thing to meddle with, and you may soon be burnt if you do not take great care. There was once a cottage took fire, and the people who lived in it, when they saw it, went for some water to put it out, but as they had not water enough, it was soon burnt down;

down; for as soon as the water was thrown upon it, the hot fire dried it up. You know, my dear, a little water thrown into a large fire is soon gone. Now if this water had had some earth, or lime, or horse-dung mixed with it, it would have been much better, and I dare say would have put out the fire and saved the cottage. This is very cleverly explained in a book called *Observations on Fire by Mr. David Young*, where there are many other good directions how to put out fire. I hope you are convinced, my dear, what a sad thing it is to be burnt; if not, you may put your finger into the flame of a lighted candle, and try how you like it. And now this reminds me to desire you will never play

play with any guns or pistols, for I will tell you a sad story of a poor little girl who was shot by a gun. There were a little boy and girl once playing together in the same room, and in the corner of it there was a gun ; the little boy took the gun, and as he had been playing with it in the morning before, he thought that there could not be any thing in it. However his father had been out with it, and had put it by without discharging it. The boy then told his sister he would shoot her, and she supposing the gun was not loaded, stood still, he drew the trigger, the gun went off, and he shot his sister dead. His father hearing the noise the gun made, ran immediately into the room, but

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though

though he did all he could, it was in vain, for the little girl was quite dead, and never spoke again. I could tell you many other sad stories of little boys who played with guns; but as I cannot suppose that you like to read such, I shall not trouble you with them. I cannot, my dear, however, conclude this lesson without earnestly advising you not to meddle with guns, pistols, or swords, or any of those kind of things; for you see how the little boy, I told you of, by playing with a gun, shot his poor little sister. He was very sorry for what he had done, but then you know all his sorrow could not bring her to life again; if he had not played with the gun the accident would

would not have happened. Thus you see how dangerous it is to play with fire or fire-arms; and you know I have told you how dangerous it is to eat every pretty looking berry which you find. - You cannot be too careful, my dear, for I told you how the two poor little boys were poisoned by some berries which they eat. Now you know you may eat gooseberries and currants without being hurt; but then they must be quite ripe, or they will give you pains in your inside and make you quite ill. Indeed you should always remember, as long as you live, to be careful what you eat, or what you drink, for if you do not, you must expect to have very bad health: And particularly take care

never to drink any cold water when you are hot, for I have known many children killed by it; or if your hands or feet are benumbed with cold, you should wash them in the coldest water you can get; for if you try to warm them by the fire when you are thus cold they will blister and become very sore.

LESSON the TWENTIETH.

NOW, my little dear, we have got to our twentieth lesson, I wish you was able to count as far as twenty; can you? Try; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Now we have got just half way, but go on; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen,

sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen. Very well. Now you have got to nineteen, the number of lessons you have read ; if you read regularly on as you should do, and this lesson makes twenty. Now if you can count well, you may tell how many brothers and sisters you have ; how many dogs and cats you keep ; and how many days there are in a week. Now, let us see, there are just seven days ; let us count them ; monday one, tuesday two, wednesday three, thursday four, friday five, saturday six, sunday seven. Now, my dear, when all these days are past, and monday is come again, then we generally say that a week is past. Some of these days you know people go to work in the

field, or in the garden, or else in the barn ; but then they do not do so every day, for they only work six days in the week ; but the seventh day, which you remember is funday, they do not work ; but you know they go to church to say their prayers ; and so will you, I hope, when you understand what it is about. You know, my dear, you cannot make a tree, or a flower, or a cow, or a sheep, or a dog, or a chicken : If you was to cut out a dog in a piece of paper, you know it is only the shape of a dog, and not a dog itself ; it can neither eat, drink, bark, or run about, it is but a bit of paper after all. Or suppose you was to make a potatoe of clay, you know it is but a potatoe in shape ;
and

and I dare say you would not like to have it boiled, and then eat it to your dinner; nobody eats clay. And you know you did not make yourself, my dear, yet you see there are trees, flowers, cows, dogs, chickens, potatoes, and a great number of other things; these are all made by God, who made the whole earth, and all that is contained in it. It is he that made the grass that grows up for food for cows, horses, sheep, and many other animals. It is he that made the water which the fishes swim in—which the ducks and geese dive in—which the animals drink when they are thirsty. He made the trees in which the birds build their nests, and whistle their sweet notes. He sowed corn, and planted
other

other things for the food and pleasure of mankind. He made the sun that shines in the day-time and warms us with its heat, and the moon that shines in the night, and by whose light we can see to travel when day-light has left us. All these things, my little dear, he made, and they are constantly protected and guarded by him. It is to him we are obliged for our food and happiness by day, and our rest and ease by night; without his assistance we should be miserable and unhappy creatures. We have a father upon earth, but he is our heavenly father. He protects us when we are young—he supports us when we are old; we should therefore return him thanks for all the blessings

blessings that he has bestowed upon
 us, and pray to him to protect and
 guard us for the time to come; it
 is for this purpose that we go to
 church, and therefore, my dear, we
 must never play in the church, but
 consider what we came there for;
 to pray to God and thank him;
 and to behave like good children;
 and not to play like naughty ones.
 Now, my little dear, I hope you
 will love God for all his goodness
 to you; and you may be sure, if
 you love him, pray to him, and do
 not offend him by being naughty,
 he will love you and protect you,
 and bestow many blessings upon
 you. It is not, my dear, a fine
 house, fine clothes, a deal of money,
 or many servants that are always
 blessings.

blessings or desirable things, far from it ; it is a happy and peaceful mind that has not committed any faults, and neither offended God or man.

LESSON the TWENTY-FIRST.

OUR last lesson was rather long, but I hope it did not tire you, and if it pleased, I will recommend a nice book to you, which you should get if you can ; it is *Dr. Watts's Divine Songs for Children*, sold by Rivington. Little Sally had one of these given her by the clergyman of the parish, for having said her catechism well ; and that she might understand this book better he gave her *a Comment on Dr. Watts's*

Watts's Divine Songs, by Mrs. Trimmer. She reads in them often, and she often thinks of God. And you know I told you, my dear, that her father and her were very poor, yet she is very happy. She knows she has been a good girl; she has always been very kind to her poor lame father; and I am sure she has never given a moment's pain, even to the smallest animal that crawls upon the ground. God has not given her riches, but he has given her happiness; and what would riches be without happiness? Would you, my dear, eat gingerbread if it was not sweet and good? Would you not rather throw it away? Sally is good, and God loves her; and she never takes shelter under a shady tree

tree when it rains, or when the sun is very hot, but she thinks how good God is to her in giving her that shady retreat. When she received little George's halfpenny, she thanked God for having sent it. And she never quenches her thirst at the running stream, or eats fruit off the bushes, but she sees the blessings of God, who gave them for the use of his creatures. And indeed, my dear, she never goes to bed at night, or gets up in the morning, without saying her prayers to God; and I am told that little George does the same. As she and her father grow older, she will get strength, and he will grow infirm; she will lead him about, and take care of him, when he is aged, because
 he

he took care of her, and led her about when she was young. She never sees a poor animal in distress; but she strives to relieve it; and the very cows, dogs, horses, sheep, geese, turkies, and hens, seem delighted at the sight of her. The little birds whistle their sweet notes around her, and trusting to her kind goodness, build their nests, and bring up their young ones within the reach of her hands. And her father knowing her love to God, taught her a little prayer to say to him; and although she sometimes says other prayers, yet she often repeats these words which she learnt of her father :

*O Lord God, I humbly thank thee
for all thy goodness and love to me, and*

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to

to all people. And I pray that thou wilt so guide my heart, that I may do that which is good, and avoid that which is evil; and I also pray thee to continue thy blessings to us all, but not to let us be so lost in happiness as to forget thee the giver of all goodness, through Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

LESSON TWENTY-SECOND.

IN our last lesson you read a short prayer, which you should get by heart, as little Sally did; and, pray, my dear, endeavour to repeat these two little lines:

*If you would wish to worship God aright,
First in the morning pray, and last at night.*

And

And now, my little dear, I will explain the prayer which you read, as it was explained to poor little Sally, by her father: *O Lord God, I humbly thank thee for all thy goodness and love to me, and to all people.* That is, you return thanks to God, who is the Lord of all things, for having bestowed so many good things upon you, and upon every body else, for he has given you meat and drink, corn and water, and in short, every thing that is of use to you, or for your good. *And I pray thee that thou wilt so guide my heart, that I may do that which is good, and avoid that which is evil.*

Here, my dear, you pray to God that he will so direct your heart, that you may do every thing that

is right or proper to be done, and that you may not do any thing that you should not do : for the word *evil* means every thing that is bad; and if you do but strive, my dear, to do good, you may be sure that God will assist you. *And I also pray thee to continue thy blessings to us all.* In this place we desire of God, that he will still bestow upon us all those good things, and that happiness which ever attends those who do good, which in the first part of our prayer we thanked him for: *But not to let us be so lost in happiness, as to forget thee, the giver of all goodness, thro' Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour.* In these last words, we pray to God that he will not allow us to forget all his kindness, whilst we are enjoying that happiness, and all those
good

good things which ought continually to remind us of him; and we pray that the merits of our Saviour, as through his merits only and not our own, can we hope for forgiveness of our offences. The last word, *Amen*, which is repeated after every prayer we say, means *so be it*, or *we pray thee let it be so*. Now I hope you understand this easy prayer; and when you can understand other prayers, which are better than this, I hope you will be taught them. But always remember, my dear, when you say your prayers to think of God to whom you are praying, and do not repeat your prayers very fast, but slowly and distinctly. And altho' I told you to pray at night and in the

morning ; yet, my dear, you may pray whenever you feel a wish so to do, only mind what you are about, and do not repeat your prayers without thinking of God. Now, my dear, let me recommend another book to you, that will teach you a deal about God, it is called *Sunday School Dialogues*, sold by Marshall.

LESSON TWENTY-THIRD.

I Told you, my dear, in some of the lessons you have read, how bad a thing it is to steal, to lie, and to break a promise. And now I would wish to remind you of it again, because you know how very naughty it is to do those things ; and altho' you should steal or tell

a lie, and neither your father nor mother, nor servant, nor any of your play-fellows found out that you had done so, yet, my dear, God would; for God sees every thing we do; and altho' we may not be punished for it just now, we shall be punished afterwards; for God who made us, and every thing else, knows all our thoughts, and sees all our actions; and should we attempt to steal, and yet not take any thing, because, perhaps, we could not get it, God would know that it was our intention to steal, and would punish us for it hereafter. God, my dear, placed us in this world, and he will some time or other take us from it again; and then he will reward or punish
all

all those who have been good or bad. The good will be rewarded in heaven, and the wicked or bad will be punished in hell. Let us then, my dear, endeavour to do as much good as we can, that we may go to heaven. Let us believe in God and all his goodness—let us fear him—let us love him with all our hearts, and with all our strength—let us pray to him, and return him thanks—let us put our whole trust in him, and honour his holy name and his word, and serve him truly all the days of our lives; and if we do not love our neighbours as ourselves, and do unto all men as we would they should do unto us, then we shall be naughty and bad, and God, who loveth every thing that
is

is good, and hateth every thing that is evil, will not love us, and will not admit us into heaven: But if we are good, and do what God has commanded us in our catechism, we shall then go into that blessed place where all good people go to, where we shall meet all those good people whom we loved upon earth, and who are, perhaps, dead; for, at the last day, God will cause us all to rise again, and we shall be judged, and rewarded or punished according as we have been good or bad. And now, my dear, whenever you hear the name of God mentioned, you must remember who God is, that it is God that made us, and every thing, and who bestows upon us every blessing we enjoy.

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If God chose it, he could make us miserable by taking from us our meat and drink, and every other blessing; he could dry up the streams and ponds, and blast all the corn, and hinder the trees from producing any fruit. But God is ever merciful and good to us, for he does not do those things, but gives us a very great number of good things. Indeed, my dear, God is all goodness, he is more kind to us than we deserve; and he only punishes those people who sin, and will not do what he has commanded them to do. Think, therefore, of the great goodness of God, who, if we offend him, and he chooses, can, in one moment, make us extremely miserable. And
 if.

if we think that we have ever offended God, let us pray to him that he will forgive us ; but then we must endeavour never to offend him again. You are told, my dear, in your catechism, never to take God's name in vain ; that is, never to swear, not to make use of the name of God upon any trifling occasion whatever, it is very naughty to do so, and for which we can have no excuse, as there is no pleasure in it, and whilst we can never do any good by so doing, we are greatly offending God. Now, my dear, I have just finished my little book, and all the lessons which I wrote for you to read ; but I cannot end it without wishing that you may be a good child ; and that you may

may love God, and every creature upon earth, and that God will bestow upon you a number of blessings in this world; and that he will take you at the last day into his delightful kingdom, where he shall wipe away all tears from all eyes, and there shall be no more death, nor sorrowing, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; but in whose presence is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.

THE END.



